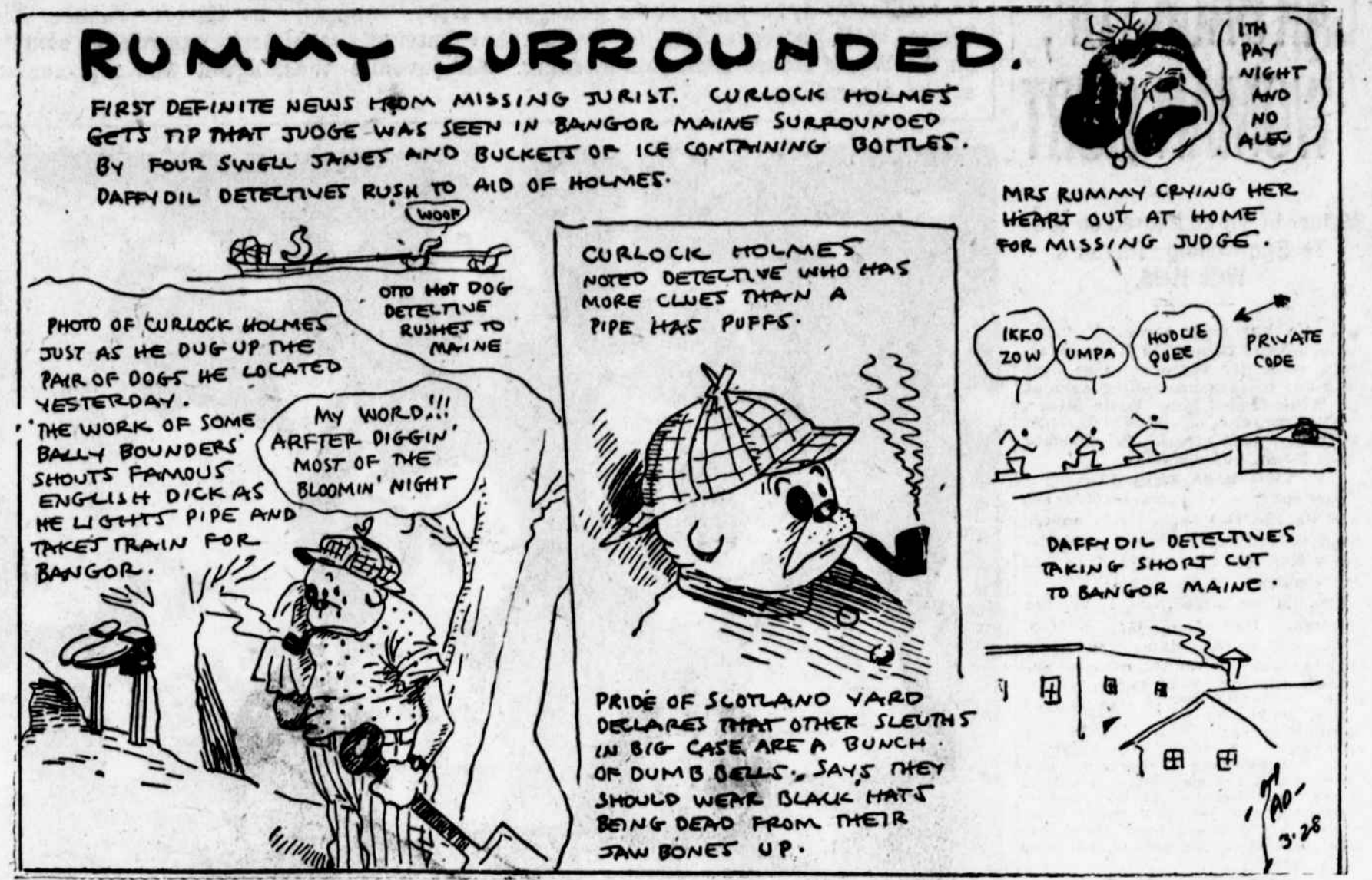
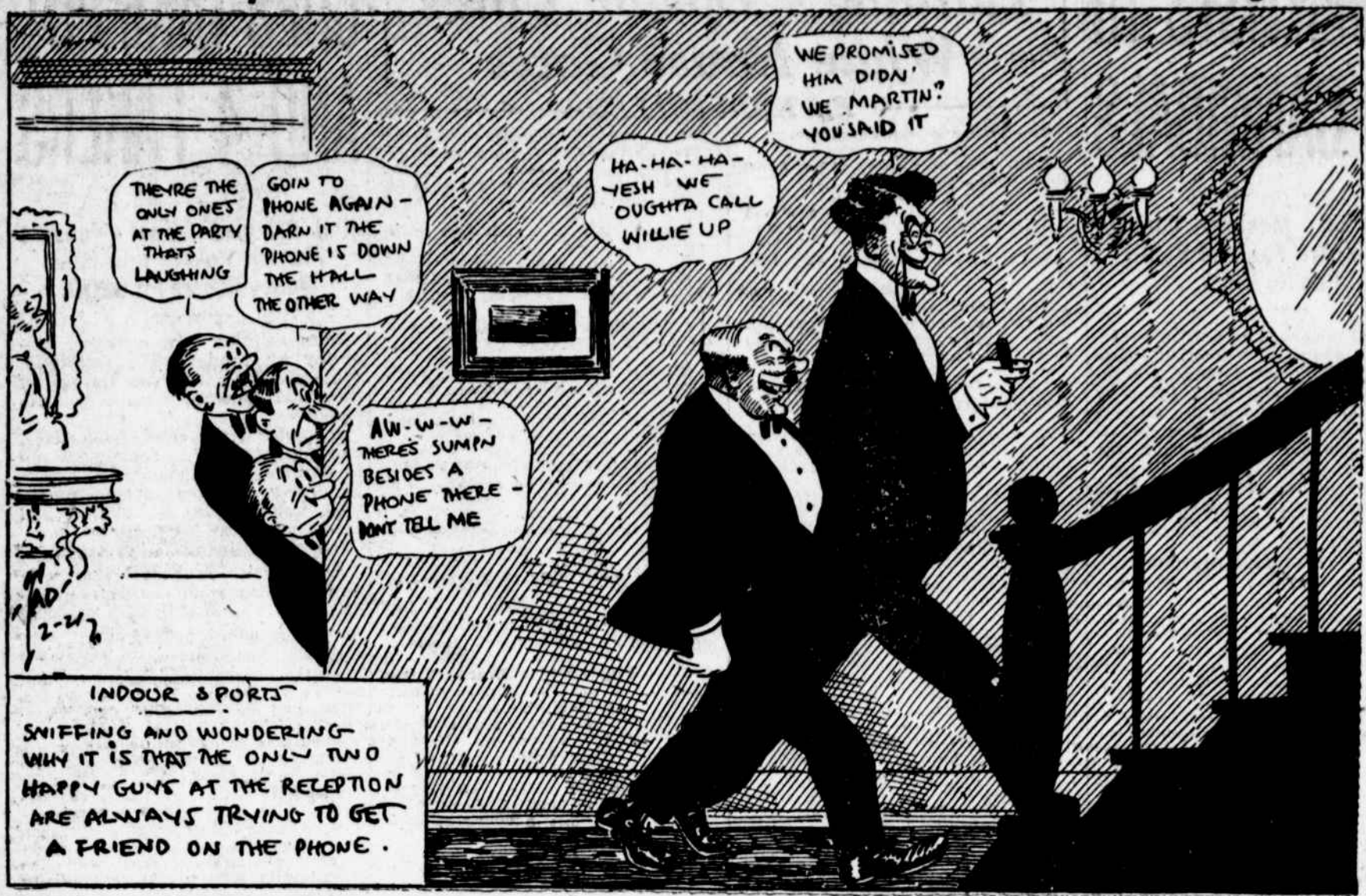


Daytona Opponents Not Known to Traveling Griffs--Penn Plays Today

Indoor Sports By TAD Judge Rummy's Case



LOOKING 'EM OVER

By ----- LOUIS A. DOUGHER

Griffmen at Daytona Today

DAYTONA, Fla., March 28.—George McBride and his 1921 Griffmen are at Daytona today, playing their first engagement since breaking camp at Tampa. It was a rough trip over here via the Atlantic clothes-line.

All through the night the engineer ran out of chewing tobacco and, naturally, had to stop and replenish his supply. Sometimes it seemed as though he swallowed his chew, so frequent were the stops. Then we would lie awake there and between swats at the mosquitoes, would think of those pretty waitresses back at the Tampa Bay Hotel, each waitress bringing in her load of luscious strawberry shortcakes.

Suddenly we awoke this morning and found the train resting. It seemed to be getting its breath or something. We caught up our clothes and asked George, the ebony-hued porter, where we were. He said we were at Palatka, which is not in Siberia, but in Florida, U. S. A. It wasn't such a wonderful breakfast at that, but it served the purpose.

After Jim Shaw had cleaned up the last bit of food in the house we all piled aboard our special car and came on to Daytona, which seems a pretty fair sort of a place.

A delegation of Elks met us at the station. You know what that means. It was a royal reception. They couldn't do enough for us, one even admitting that if he had any luck he might dig up some Haig and Haig for us before we went on to St. Augustine.

From the looks of things, there will be a party at the Elks' club tonight, which will make Freddie Heycutt mad, seeing as he has gone on to Orlando with the rookies.

WANTS TO BE AT PARTY.

Freddie is an Elk and he would just love to be at this threatened party, but he'll attend the party and make him jealous with complete details as soon as we meet at Jacksonville.

The regulars departed from Tampa last night, with Schacht occupying a lower berth. They tried to keep Al at the Daytona Hotel in Tampa but he didn't like the looks of the nurses and quit. Besides, they had him on a starvation diet. That was too much for a guy fed up on Tampa Bay Hotel shortcakes.

So Al up and skipped.

"It was a terrible place, that hospital," says Al. "If I've got to die I want to die in New York, where at least the hospital nurses are good looking."

And you can't blame the guy, at that, can you?

Nobody knows who the Griffs are going to play here. The Old Fox admits complete ignorance. George McBride says he thinks it is some Elks' club.

GEORGE MAY BE PARTIAL.

But George is an Elk and may be partial. Nick Altrock says it doesn't make any matter because if Joe Limps collapses, he will be there to perform around the initial scuffle. Indeed, even if Joe doesn't collapse, Nick may serve awhile on the first cushion, giving Daytona a treat.

Tonight the gang will put on the feed bag at the Hotel Lee Dees Plaines, which is French for something or other. President Griffith has brought over his clawhammer coat. If he is threatened with a speech, he will duck into this clawhammer and do the gang proud.

Griff wore the clawhammer one night at Tampa, but that was before Jim Shaw arrived. If Jim had taken one peek at the clawhammer, he would have laughed Griff out of the hotel. The Old Fox is a cagey old guy. He isn't giving Shaw any opportunities like that.

Tomorrow, though, at St. Augustine President Griffith will be principal guest of honor and may be obliged to don the clawhammer and pester at the head of the table at the Alcazar.

If anything out of the ordinary happens, we'll tip him off.

Twenty-six days of training at Tampa came to an end last night. Not a moment of the fans back home might like to gaze at the batting averages, we have collected them. Four games were played against the Phillies, of the National League, three by the rookies and one by the regulars.

Three victories were hung up. One name was blown away in the last frame. Four games were played at Tampa between the first and second

"GUSHER BILL" HAS STRING AT BOWIE

Oil Man, a Two-Year-Old of the Lot, Has Come With a Reputation.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—J. G. Wagoner has arrived at Prince Georges Park, Bowie, with part of the stable of William H. Rowe, of Shreveport, one of oil's recent contributions to thoroughbred horse racing. Mr. Rowe is familiarly known as Gusher Bill. He was one of the promoters of the recent encouraging race meeting at Shreveport. His horses raced there. The Boy, End Man, Goldcrest Boy and three or four of the most precocious two-year-olds of the establishment are at Bowie. The twelve backward youngsters have come to Havre de Grace, Md., of the youngsters at Bowie is Oil Man, said to be one of the smartest youngsters at the Southern Maryland course.

Philip T. Chinn, with the Kentucky Stable, left Hot Springs, Arkansas, Thursday. He was expected at Prince Georges Park yesterday, provision having been made for the sheltering of his horses in the stable reserved by G. W. Forman. The Chinn horses are particularly fit. They have been going cleverly since the beginning of the current year. The weather hereabouts was uniformly mild through the winter. It was better still in Arkansas and Texas.

A. G. Weston has shipped the stable of Thomas Clyde from Elmico course to Bowie. The Clyde stable wintered at the Maryland Jockey Club's course and Weston has been busy with his charges since the early part of February. It has been many seasons since Weston was ready as early as this. Baywood, a three-year-old, and Fairway, a yearling, are the smartest performers of mature years of the Clyde stable. The former is a son of Dailhouse and Baycliffe, the latter a son of Bryn Mawr and Justly.

Fairway was the handsomest three-year-old in Maryland last spring. If there is a better looking four-year-old in the Old Line State this spring it has not been discovered. Fairway has started since he pulled up lame after the running of Man o' War's Preckness. He is galloping soundly again and Weston has no fear that he will not train. Fairway won a race last week. Baywood raced pretty steadily through the season without winning but always courageously and consistently. He was in the money at the finish of half a dozen races. The two-year-olds of the Clyde stable are home-breds by Dailhouse, with the single exception of a fine-looking Light Brigade colt.

EVANS WILL GO OVER TO PLAY FOR AMERICA

BOSTON, March 28.—Charles (Chick) Evans, the national amateur golf champion, has decided to join Bobby Jones and the rest of the American who will invade Great Britain shortly in quest of European titles. Evans, who recently announced that he would not cross the pond, excused the privilege almost exclusively by enjoying the fair play and "changed his mind." The stock of the Yankee entry, which slumped when it was learned that Francis Quimet would not participate, is again buoyed up by the fair play and "changed his mind." The stock of the Yankee entry, which slumped when it was learned that Francis Quimet would not participate, is again buoyed up by the fair play and "changed his mind." The stock of the Yankee entry, which slumped when it was learned that Francis Quimet would not participate, is again buoyed up by the fair play and "changed his mind."

BOTH FRANKLIN AND ZORK DENY GAMBLING CHARGES

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 28.—Ben Franklin, local livestock dealer, who, with Carl Zork, is indicted in Chicago for alleged complicity in "fixing" the world's series of 1919, emphatically denied the charge today.

Zork, who is a manufacturer of women's shirtwaists, also denies he was implicated. He stated today he has "no reason to refuse to go to Illinois," when asked if he, too, would waive extradition.

Nationals Ahead.

In their opening game the National Juniors defeated the Southern A. C. yesterday by a score of 6 to 5. Dove pitched well for the winners.

MARHAFKA STARTED TRYOUT JUST FIFTEEN YEARS TOO LATE

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

DAYTONA, Fla., March 28.—The tragedy of death in life is ever with us. So, even at a baseball camp, does grim death stalk along, this time the death of hope, the death of ambition. Fate must grin and jeer at the jokes it plays upon poor mortals. Thus, Fate must be grinning and jeering at little Tony Marhafka, who is here at a Florida sun on a forlorn chase after a big league berth. Tony never had a chance in the beginning, though he didn't know it. Tony never will have a chance, which he probably knows now. And little Tony is merely a victim of grinning, jeering Fate.

Had Tony Marhafka, the same of game little ducky here in the Griffs' camp now, been taken South fifteen years ago he might now be approaching the close of an honorable major league career. He might have been developed then and taken his place among the leading lights of the game. But fate kept Tony Marhafka in the background, frittering away his time on the sandlots around his home town in Pennsylvania. If he needed luck's Hans Wagner, he knew it, that is, none who could help him to greater things. If he developed incorrect methods at bat, none was there to advise him differently.

HE FINALLY COMES UP.

And so the years went on for Tony Marhafka. He made a fine reputation among the semipro baseball teams of his home country. He worked hard in the winter, usually in the mine, and took the best of care of himself so as to be ready for baseball the moment the snow left the ground.

Finally war was looming up for the major leagues. It began to look as if the national agreement was to be shattered and the two big organizations pull apart. Clark Griffith, president of the Washington club, called upon all his friends to dig up ball players for him. He did not mean to be caught without a ball team. And into the net came Tony Marhafka.

Down here in Florida by the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico came this sturdy little player, seeing Dixie for the first time. He fairly reveled in the fine surroundings, the pretty ball park, the skilled trainer. And he played ball every day to the best of his ability.

But Fate was merely grinning at little Tony, toying with him. It has already written in the books that Tony Marhafka was never to wear a big league uniform. He had wasted the years of his strength in Shamokin, Pa.

ROY RECOGNIZED HIM.

The Washington rookies went over to Gainesville for a series with the Phillies. Roy Reeves, the veteran baseball writer, was there representing the Philadelphia Ledger. Spotting Tony, Reeves remarked, "How did you ever get Tony Marhafka? He's been playing ball for twenty years."

And tonight there you have the death knell for Tony's hopes. You can't play ball for twenty years, nor for ten, before getting your trial in fast company. The younger you are, the better your chances in the major leagues. The game is rushing ahead all the time. No manager has time to muddle with anything but the prospective star, never before.

Down here in Dixie Tony Marhafka has strained faithfully. He has done everything by his boss, George McBride. Though a shortstop, he has played third and second to the best of his ability.

"Gee, I'm out o' luck," he told us over in Gainesville. "Here I am playing second for the first time in my life and see what I'm in, sand up over my shoe tops."

And he grinned right back at Fate.

WE ADMIRE LITTLE TONY.

We admire little Tony Marhafka, for there is much to admire in him. He is of Polish ancestry, honest, earnest, decent and clean. He has been attending to his Lenten duties ever since coming to Tampa, doing it without noise or bluster. And he has never lost his little grin.

It is much as if Tony realized from the start the awful handicap Fate had prepared for him and intended giving back blow for blow to the very end. He is no quitter. He has the best he could. He will leave the Washington squad without bitterness, and also without complaint.

Little Tony Marhafka, football of Fate, that's what he is. Had he come up for trial say fifteen years ago, he might have been taught a

CHURCH LEAGUE IS MAKING FINE START

Sunday Schools to Be Gathered Together to Revive Former Circuit.

The old Sunday School baseball league may be revived this year. At Mt. Cernon Church, Ninth and Massachusetts avenue northwest, tomorrow night at 7:30 o'clock, representatives of nine Sunday schools have been asked to attend to talk baseball.

W. S. Warren, of Mt. Vernon, is desirous of starting the old circuit and has sent invitations to Ingram, First Presbyterian, Rhode Island Methodist, St. Paul's Episcopal, Fifth Street Baptist, Ninth Street Christian, and Vermont Avenue Christian.

It is expected that a full attendance will be on hand. Plans for the organization of the league will be talked over and a match business, as possible, done to further the circuit.

Many years ago the Sunday School league flourished here and furnished considerable excitement in all sections of the city.

COLLEGES TO BEGIN CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH

The college baseball season, which got off to a spasmodic start last week, will break forth in full glory with the first days of April, when all of the leading college nine of the East are scheduled to appear on the diamond. New York University, Yale, Holy Cross, Princeton and Navy have already begun their playing seasons, but the vast array of leading nine have delayed until the passing of Easter.

No less than eight big college teams will make their start this week, including St. George's, Penn State, Penn, Fordham, Columbia, Dartmouth, S. C. N. Y., and Army. All except Columbia, C. C. N. Y., and Army will play their opening games in the Southland.

The games played by N. Y., Yale, Holy Cross, Princeton, and Navy last week were not sufficient to give a line on the different teams. They did however prove that Holy Cross, Navy, Princeton and the Elks are again in the field with teams of more than ordinary ability.

The Middlesex especially showed power in crushing the Tiger at Annapolis by a score of 3 to 2 in a sensational contest. Princeton was touted as having a very strong aggregation with an abundance of infield material, so the Navy's victory deserves a world of credit.

Yale opened with two victories, but N. Y. is having a rather disastrous trip, with defeats at the hands of Trinity College and North Carolina State College. Holy Cross, with practically the same team as last season, carried off a victory at Princeton by a count of 7 to 2.

Two pitching feats of more than passing mention were accomplished during the past week. Bill Dillard, star hurler of the Catholic University nine, turned in a no-hit game against the Naval Training Station team at Norfolk, Va., and Saturday afternoon Tim McNamara, Fordham's veteran hurler, allowed but one hit in a practice game against the Federal Reserve Bank team.

THREE TENNIS STARS IN INDOOR SINGLES

NEW YORK, March 28.—With Vincent Richards, S. Howard and Yehiel Frank T. Anderson, and several other crack indoor tennis players safely through their first round, play in the annual national indoor singles continued here today at the Seventh Regiment Armory.

Competition in the doubles will start Wednesday, and William T. Tilden, 24, will defend the national indoor doubles championship with his partner, Richards.

THE OTHER ANGLE

SKILLET IN MOLE HEAVEN.

By Kirk Miller

DAWSON, Alaska, March 28.—(Via dime messenger to The Washington Times.) Arriving in Dawson two days in front of a blizzard and one jump ahead of the U. S. Marshal, Limpy Finn and the Igloo septette immediately dived into a gopher hole where they have been ensconced since daybreak.

These eight apostles of beanball, together with Secretary Billy Fowler and the bat boy, Rob Roy Mackey, will remain in the rabbit cave until the U. S. Marshal gets stoop-shouldered from old age. They don't know what they are wanted for, but they do know it isn't for anything good.

Exploring the depths of the groundhog boudoir, Limpy Finn aptly learned that its lower and rather terminus drained into a certain Esquimo cellar which was topped with with spirituous venom commonly called hootch.

He sent word up to the law officer that he hoped he got paralysis and could never move a Sn away from him.

WHAT! MY WOOF ELOPED WITH BUD COUNIHAN?

Dawson and as far as he was concerned he intended to remain in mole heaven until the authorities chopped him up for minicement and let his fumes drip stillily through a copper coil.

Finn today received a cablegram by homer pigeon from his last and concluding wife, Fifi. She informed Finn that his first and initial woof, Clara, had run off with a barber by the name of Bud Counihan who is wanted in forty-four states, two territories and the Canal Zone for willful and justifiable bigamy.

Limpy dispatched a reply by a fishing worm mounted on a high-speed Angora Prairie Dog, telling Fifi that as with Clara well on her new matrimonial hurdie and that if she could jump from state to state and territory to insular possession as rapidly as she could steepchase from

A section of the grandstand today has been reserved for a pack of Eskimo debutantes and dowagers who have gone ratty over baseball. The nearest woman in these parts gets to dressing decoleate is to leave off her mittens and veil, so neither team will have to wear blue glasses in order to keep their minds on the game.

Altitude, assorted; longitude, perpendicular.

CUE WIZARDS TO CLASH IN HANDICAP MATCH

NEW YORK, March 28.—The first handicap billiard match between professionals in this city in more than ten years will begin this afternoon when Edouard Horneman, the brilliant Belgian, commences his effort to score 2,400 points of 18.1 ballgame against 1,800 for Albert Cutler in their three-day contest at Kline's Strand Academy.

Horneman has shown his 18.1 ability only once since he arrived early in the winter in an exhibition contest with Thomas Gallagher, in which each block brought forth a performance higher than the official competitive records. Cutler has been practicing assiduously.

The match will close the professional billiard season in this city. For the next six weeks Horneman will devote himself to exhibitions around the country and will sail for home in June, to return again next fall. Horneman will play 400 points to 300 for Cutler in each block, the afternoon sessions beginning at 2:30 and the evening ones at 8:30.

CLARENDON SPLITS UP, THEN DEFEATS ITSELF

CLARENDON beat itself 5-1 in a fratricidal fray at Lyon Park yesterday. Manager Bill Malone divided his candidates into squads, and inspiration aided by perspiration resulted.

Bolon pitched a no-hit game, and the Dutchman, as a pitcher, was a fielding fop according to Press Agent "Mayer" Keefe.

The sensation of the afternoon was a one handed stop of a seven foot liner by Hilleary at first. Ralph Ball was umpire and made a good Post Office clerk, reversing himself sixteen times, and allowing seven balls to anyone who looked good to him.

In morning practice, Hornsberger, Bolton, Count von Herbulis, Walter Caton, P. L. Foster, former Panamanian star, Babe Baker, John Hardy, Mildred Newman, who looks a second Ray King, and Sergeant Ellis of the Army Medical School, who as a twirler, looks like a comer. Was Bill Malone there? He was. Was he satisfied? He was.

Arlingtons Win.

Arlington A. C. defeated the Virginia A. C. by 8 to 1 yesterday and wants to play fast teams. L. E. Wise, 310 Twelfth street northwest, is manager.

LOANS HORNING

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY South End of Highway Bridge